

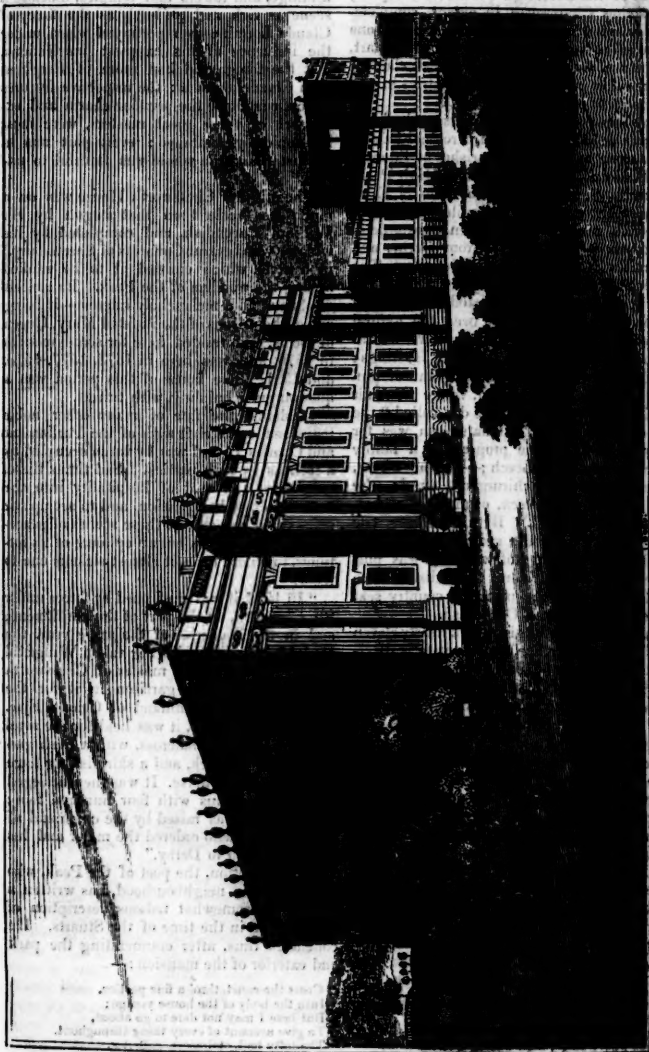
The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CHATSWORTH HOUSE—(South and West Fronts.)
The Seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH, the most magnificent mansion in England, merits more illustration than can be conveyed in one of our pages. It is one of the few seats in this country that deserves the name of a palace; but, neither of the abodes of the Sovereign (Windsor excepted) approaches Chatsworth in extent, completeness, or splendour. It is popularly called one of the seven wonders of the Peak; and in art, occupies a similar position to that claimed by the other curiosities of the district in the kingdoms of nature.

The superb domain of Chatsworth forms the greater part of the extra-parochial hamlet of the same name in the parishes of Kdensor and Bakewell, in the hundred of High Peak, two miles S. of Baslow, two miles N.E. of Rowsley, three and a half miles S.E. from Bakewell, nine miles W. from Chesterfield, twenty-six miles N.N.W. from Derby, and ten miles N. by W. from Matlock. The manor at the Norman Survey belonged to the Crown, and was in the custody of William de Peveril, reputed to have been the natural son of the Conqueror, and to have distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings; for which he received a liberal grant of property in this neighbourhood, where he built for himself a fortress, to this day called "the Castle of the Peak." Chatsworth was for many generations the property of a family named Leche, or Leech;—one of whom, named John, was surgeon, or, in the term of the period, *leech*, or medical attendant, on Edward III. By this family, the estate was sold in the sixteenth century to the family of Ayard; of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish; since which it has been the principal country seat of the noble family of Cavendish.

The mansion stands in a park nearly eleven miles in circumference, and beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and water; the river Derwent flowing with a serpentine course through the valley. The house rises amid a noble amphitheatre of wood, which is connected with the remote hills by a succession of forest scenery, until it terminates in the rude and barren mountains of the Peak. Many and delightful are the points of view, but perhaps none more exquisite than the following, described by Mr. Rhodes, the native topographer of the district:

"Immediately before us lay the river, across whose stream a stone butment or weir has been erected, which, damming up the water, expands it into breadth; it is thence precipitated over this interruption to its progress, where it forms a magnificent cascade. On a gently ascending ground, about half a mile higher up the river, stands Chatsworth, finely embosomed in

'Majestic woods, of every vigorous green;
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills.'

Thomson.

A little on the left is the bridge, backed with broad and ample foliage; cattle reposing in groups on the brink of the river, or cooling themselves in the stream, adorned the foreground; and the middle and remote distances, which are ornamented with a palace, a bridge, and towers and temples, disclose a scene as rich and as lovely as the fancy of Claude Lorraine ever portrayed when under the influence of his happiest inspirations. Yet the foreground had more of Berghem than Claude about it: the respective features which constitute the peculiar charm and excellence of these great masters, were most harmoniously combined; every part was in character, and the whole was faithful to nature."

The original Chatsworth House was on a much less scale than that begun by Sir William Cavendish, and completed by his widow, (who became Countess of Shrewsbury,) in a style which entitled it to be ranked among the wonders of the Peak. Its earliest celebrity had a melancholy interest—it being one of the prisons of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, who resided here for some months in 1570, and was here in 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. The house of this period was a quadrangular building, with turrets.

It shared the fate of many other noble mansions in the civil wars of the Parliament and Charles I., and was by turns occupied as a fortress by both parties. Sad times these, to convert the seat of hospitality into the focus of every bad passion, and to set up the standard of war amidst these scenes of peaceful nature. Such is but an epitome of its fortunes, to whose turns it almost sickens one to recur.

"In 1643, it was garrisoned by forces under Sir John Gell, on the part of the parliament; and in the December of the same year, the Earl of Newcastle, having taken Wingfield manor, made himself master of Chatsworth Hall, and placed a garrison in it for the king, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In September, 1645, it was held for the royal party by Colonel Shalcross, with a fresh garrison from Welbeck, and a skirmishing force of three hundred horse. It was then besieged by Major Mollanus with four hundred foot; but the siege was raised by the command of Colonel Gell, who ordered the major and his forces to return to Derby."

Charles Cotton, the poet of the Peak, who resided in the neighbourhood, has written a quaint, but somewhat tedious description of Chatsworth, in the time of the Stuarts. He concludes thus, after enumerating the park and exterior of the mansion:—

"Cross the court, thro' a fine portico,
Into the body of the house you go;
But here I may not dare to go about,
To give account of every thing throughout.
The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,

And rooms of state : for should I undertake,
To shew what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building."

The fourth Earl (afterwards the first Duke) of Devonshire; on his retirement from the court of James II., planned and rebuilt the mansion, as it in part remains. The items of the expense are preserved in the auditor's account book, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire; from which it appears that the south front was begun to be rebuilt on the 12th of April, 1687, under the direction of Mr. William Talman, an architect of some celebrity, at the latter end of the 17th century. The great hall and staircase were covered in about the middle of April, 1690. In May, 1692, the works were surveyed by Sir Christopher Wren,* at which time upwards of 9,000*l.* appears to have been expended. In 1693, Mr. Talman was paid 600*l.* in advance for building the east front and the north-east corner, which was finished in 1700; in that year also the old west front was pulled down. The whole of the building was completed soon after the year 1706, which was about twenty years from its commencement; Talman having received upwards of 13,000*l.* for his contract.

Among the artists employed in raising this sumptuous pile were, besides Talman and Sir Christopher Wren—painters, Verrio, Laguerre and Ricard, and Sir James Thornhill; carver in stone, Caius Gabriel Cibber; but it seems improbable that the carving in wood was executed by Grinling Gibbons, as is generally supposed. Mr. Lysons says, "the presumption is certainly against it, while there is no proof for it, and the statement rests upon the authority of Horace Walpole." They are, upon better authority, believed to have been executed by Mr. Samuel Watson and his son, natives of Derbyshire; although Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his *Life of Gibbons*, inclines to the belief that the Watsons were merely employed under Gibbons, who furnished the designs.

Before we describe the recent enlargement of the mansion, it may be as well to describe its situation more in detail. Chatsworth House stands on the east bank of the Derwent—having that river on one side, and on the other a lofty hill covered with wood. The approach to the mansion from Edensor is by an elegant bridge, built by Paine, and said to be from a design by Michael Angelo; the niches between the arches have four marble figures, by Cibber. Northward of this bridge is a small tower, encompassed by a moat, and approached by a flight of steps: this is called the tower of Mary Queen of Scots, from a garden having formerly occupied its summit, wherein that unhappy princess passed many hours.

* It is the impression of many that Sir Christopher Wren built two of the fronts of Chatsworth House.

F 2

The mansion is in the Ionic style of architecture; and the original design consists of an immense quadrangle, with two principal fronts: the south, 183 ft. 2 in. in length, enriched with Ionic pilasters, resting on a rustic base; and the west front, 172 ft. in length, with similar enrichments, and a pediment supported by Ionic half columns. On this side is the principal entrance, by a flight of steps, to a terrace, which extends the whole length of the building. The south and east sides, in general style and richness of ornament, correspond with the principal fronts. The roof is flat, and crowned with a balustrade, surmounted with vases.

The situation of Chatsworth is not free from objection. Mr. Loudon, in one of his *Gardening Tours*, in 1831, observes, "Chatsworth has always appeared to us an unsatisfactory place. The house is not situated on a platform of adequate size; and there is great awkwardness in the approach, proceeding abruptly up hill. A square pile of building, too, in such a situation, is less suitable than a lengthened one."

The latter objection has been removed by the addition of an elegant northern wing to the original design; this portion being chiefly intended for the accommodation of the Duke's numerous and distinguished visitors. This addition was suggested by his Grace: "the chasteness of the design," observes the *Peak Guide*, "the superiority of the masonry, and every other description of work, display talent of the first character. The arrangement of the whole will remain a lasting memorial of the abilities of Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and of the taste and magnificence of the sixth Duke of Devonshire."

Nearly the whole of the numerous rooms and passages in this new wing have groined arches, or arched roofs. The basement rooms and passages are all built of rubbed ashler stone, procured from the Duke's quarries at Beeley Moor. The length of this addition, with the old part, from which it extends, is 557 ft. The finest apartment in this wing is the Banqueting Room, 81 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and 20½ feet high; and crowned with an open temple, of the richest Corinthian architecture.

We do not attempt a minute description of the several apartments of this palatial mansion, but merely glance at a few of its most magnificent features. The Great Entrance Hall is 60 ft. by 27 ft., and its walls are painted with the life and death of Julius Cæsar. From thence the Staircase, 34 ft. by 24 ft., has a double flight of steps, of rock of amethyst, passing between two rocks of variegated alabaster, and guarded by a richly-gilt balustrade. This part was thought by Kent sufficiently elegant to be borrowed for the princely seat of Holkham. The Gallery, leading to the Chapel contains nearly one thou-

sand original sketches by the most eminent Flemish, Venetian, Spanish, and Italian masters. The chapel is wainscotted with cedar, and embellished by Verrio and Laguerre: the altar-piece, the incredulity of St. Thomas, being Verrio's best performance. The carving is said to be the work of Gibbons, and Cibber sculptured the altar, of the floors and marbles of Derbyshire. The Drawing-room is embellished by Thornhill. The State Apartments, or third story of the south front, are lined with choice woods, costly cabinets, carvings, and old paintings, and fitted up with Gobelins tapestries of the Cartoons of Raphael: the Mosaic floors are of oak, curiously inlaid. Over the door of the Antechamber is a carved pen, as Walpole said, "not distinguishable from real feather." The Second Drawing-room is hung with Gobelins tapestry. The State Bed, or Scarlet Room, contains the bed in which George II. expired; and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. The Great North Staircase is of oak richly gilt, and has a domical ceiling and lantern, enriched. On its walls are whole-length portraits of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, painted at Moscow, by Dawe, for 1,000 guineas. The modern common apartments are generally called those of Mary Queen of Scots, which is an error; but they occupy the site of those inhabited by the Queen, and her bed and tapestry are in the apartment which is now called her bedroom. The Bachelor's Gallery contains a drawing of St. Petersburg, about 46 ft. long.

The Library, about 88 ft. long, 22 ft. wide, and 17 ft. high, contains a fine assemblage of books: here are the chemical collection, manuscripts, and apparatus, of the celebrated Henry Cavendish. Around is an elegant Bronze Gallery, with an ascent by a secret winding staircase in the wall. The Sculpture Gallery is 103 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and 22 feet high, and lined with Derbyshire marble. Here are Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, Laura, Hebe, Kndymion, and the Venus di Medici, by Canova; Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott; Venus Genitrix, Two Scenes from Homer, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, by Thorwaldsen.—Among the busts are Canova (colossal), by himself; George IV. by Chantrey; Bonaparte (colossal), by Canova. The stupendous beauties are two Lions, each weighing four tons, carved out of solid blocks of marble, 9 ft. long by 4 ft. high.

The Natural Curiosities are invaluable: as the cabinet of fossils and minerals collected by the late Duchess of Devonshire; the fossils collected by the present Duke; tablets of the stratification of Derbyshire: stalactites from Castleton; felspar from Labrador, &c.; arranged scientifically by White Watson, Esq., F.L.S., of Bakewell.

The Orangery, 170 ft. long, has plate-glass windows, marble bas-reliefs, (among them,

the celebrated Night and Mourning of Thorwaldsen), on the walls, a granite vase, 6 ft. diameter, and 30 orange trees from Malmalson.

The Pleasure-grounds are upwards of eight acres in extent, including lawns, shrubberies, and gardens, with fountains and cascades. They are also rich in forest scenery, especially in picturesque beech, chestnuts, and elms. On the east front is the great cascade and natural water-fall 40 ft. over precipitous rocks. The former is a series of 24 steps, or ridges, on the highest of which is a temple: water rushes from the roof, and from lions' heads, dolphins, sea-nymphs, and other figures, and falling into a basin in front of the temple, (from which several fountains issue)—is thence discharged down the steps, and at the foot disappears into the earth. Among the other artificial water-works is a copper tree, representing a decayed weeping willow, the branches of which produce a shower.* The principal fountain throws up water to the height of nearly 100 ft. The walks through the grounds are of some miles in extent, the principal being 30 ft. in width, and embellished with figures and vases. On the crest of the eastern hill is a hunting tower, of square form, with a rounded turret at each angle: its height is 90 ft. The Grounds and Gardens have been laid out with great taste and skill by Mr. Paxton, the head gardener, F.L.S. and H.S., and editor of the *Magazine of Botany*.

The fruit and vegetable Gardens extend over twelve acres, with twenty-two hot-houses and numerous forcing-pits. The flower gardens surround the mansion, and the last addition is in what Mr. Loudon calls "a highly enriched architectural taste," from plans by Sir Jeffry Wyattville. The style of the gardens on the west front is oriental, and they are enriched with eight stone baskets, elegantly sculptured for shrubs and flowers, 32 ft. square each. In the pleasure-grounds is a Spanish chestnut, planted by the Archduke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia; and a variegated sycamore, planted by his brother, the Archduke Michael; in commemoration of their visit to Chatsworth. In the court, on the north front, also, is a large weeping ash, which for upwards of forty years ornamented a nursery-ground in Derby, and was removed here in 1830.

Entertaining as are these few details of the magnificence of Chatsworth, it is most gratifying to be able to state, from Mr. Loudon's notice, that the Duke of Devonshire allows all persons whatever to see the man-

* This tree was designed and executed by that ingenious workman, Mr. Bower, of Chesterfield, into which town he was the first to introduce, at his own risk and expense, lighting by gas; and whose devotion of genius to his profession has, we fear, but too much impoverished his resources.—*Correspondent*.

sion and grounds, every day in the year, Sundays not excepted, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon. "The humblest individual is not only shown the whole, but the Duke has expressly ordered the water-works to be played for every one without exception. This is acting in the true spirit of great wealth and enlightened liberality; let us add, also, in the spirit of wisdom. We have never heard of any injury being done to any object at Chatsworth; every party or person always being accompanied by an attendant." Ah! Mr. Loudon, is not the latter a requisite security?

Our second and third engravings exhibit the view of the house, not at the distance described by Mr. Rhodes, and at which it has generally been sketched,—owing to a nearer approach bringing the spectator into a lower position and thus losing the prospect of a great part of the house,—but from the verge of the terrace of the flower gardens. The whole length of the west front being, at this near approach, too extensive to be brought into one view, it has been divided into two portions, the spectator being placed opposite the middle of the whole wing, and the eye directed in the first instance to the centre of one half the wing, as exhibited in our second engraving; in the other to the centre of the other half of the prospect, as shown in our third engraving.—See page 72.

The engraving which occupies our first page exhibits, at one view, the connexion of the whole building, including the additions made to the original mansion by the present Duke. The point of view from which it is taken is in the pleasure grounds, on the ascent of the hill, near the termination of the course of the cascade.

The subjoined views of Chatsworth, which give a faithful idea of its architectural character, are engraved from drawings made with a fine camera lucida, on Dr. Wollaston's principle, the property of George Dollond Esq.; and the esteemed Correspondent to whom we are indebted for them, has also furnished us with the following outline of the vicinity of Chatsworth, which has the fidelity of a native hand, and the genuine enthusiasm of a lover of nature:

"That picturesque and interesting portion of our island, the Peak of Derbyshire, has long been an object of attraction to our tourists and lovers of natural scenery: and its romantic hills, with their rugged declivities;—its expanded meadows, with limpid fishing streams winding through them, visited by anglers of every generation, from the days of the venerable Isaac Walton, to those of the illustrious and lamented author of the *Salmonia*;—its moors and woodlands, with the wild situation of the celebrated Buxton;—the secluded and remarkable ravine or picturesque dell of Matlock Baths;—and the varied beauty,

in locality, of the ancient Saxon town of Bakewell,—with its fine old Norman church, and the tombs of the Vernons, its Roman bath and ancient intrenchments, situated on the Wye, and in the vale of Haddon Hall:—form a combination of attractions to our countrymen not, we believe, to be found within the same narrow boundaries in any other part of our island. What Switzerland, Scotland, and other mountainous countries possess on a large scale, the Peak of Derbyshire contains in concentrated miniature."

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS.—ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.*—BY M. L. E.

The Screech Owl.

A medical gentleman, who had been an army surgeon during the period of the Peninsular War, and who is reckoned a shrewd, intelligent man, as well as professionally clever, lately conversing in the writer's presence on the subject of popular superstitions, thus expressed himself: "I am not an indiscriminate believer in signs and omens, but I do think there is something in the cry of the screech owl; and, for a reason which I have never indeed heard alleged, and which I, therefore, would merely be considered to hazard deferentially to the opinion of future naturalists who may feel inclined to pursue the subject as a matter of inquiry.—I had, during my professional career with our army abroad, abundant opportunities of observing that the screech owl was a very constant attendant upon the dying, and so certain a harbinger of death, that at last if ever a poor fellow laid desperately wounded in sick quarters, I was enabled pretty accurately to determine in my own mind what was to be his fate, from the absence or presence of this bird of ill omen. Repeated observation, I again beg to say, and not superstition, induced this prescience, and I account for the fact thus:—that this owl is, like the raven, vulture, and others, a bird of prey, and gifted, in common with these, with that acute scent which enables it to detect the savour of mortality as wonderfully and unerringly as do they; or, as does the ravenous shark, which, as is well known, will follow a ship for days when it contains an individual sick of a fatal disorder. It is also but fair to presume that many popular superstitions originated in reason and observation, but have since run wild, or been exaggerated, or twisted from their first sense and propriety, or the rational mode of accounting for them forgotten, and of these the screech owl may be one."

Hens.

A residence in the country and an opportunity of narrowly watching the inhabitants

* Continued from page 39.

of a poultry yard, will almost inevitably abate that poetic reverence for the virtues of hens with which good little town children are early imbued. There will the "tender mother" be beheld a most quarrelsome bird, apt to forsake her eggs after sitting on them for a day or two; careless about, instead of careful of, her brood; and, above all, she will be caught sometimes in the revolting fact of making a hearty meal off the decaying remains of such chickens as have met their death by accident, or violence (quarrels, perhaps, in which these furious fowls will even peck each other to death,) and whose bodies have not been removed from the yard. But the carnivorous nature of the gallinaceous tribe is no where more singularly displayed than on board ship, where they cannot obtain fresh meat, worms, or insects. They then, peck each other to pieces, but with strict regard, it should seem, to law, justice, and etiquette. A regular council is held, say they who speak from the experience of a voyage, the matter is gravely debated, and one victim selected and commenced upon, by each pecking her in the back until her interior is developed, and she is devoured piecemeal. Satisfied by this taste of animal food, the feathered cannibals wait awhile until nature dictates its necessity, when another council is held, and another victim selected and treated as before. I have been assured, that, though the loss of fowls in a vessel by their eating each other may confidently be reckoned upon, such a thing was never known as an indiscriminate and simultaneous attack amongst them, but they always select their victim and keep to it.

Destructiveness of Birds.

Much has of late years been said concerning the cruelty of destroying birds, robbing nests, &c. and a plea in their favour has been urged, that the little mischief they do amongst our corn and fruit, is a sufficient reason for their preservation. No one sided more warmly with those who took the humane view of the question than myself, but having seen cause to alter my opinion, I will candidly state it. Two whole crops of corn, to say nothing of immense quantities of beans, peas, and fruit, have, during the past summer, (1833,) been devoured by creatures rather resembling locusts in their voracity than birds, in the vicinity of Marlow, for which the cause assigned is this: the parish authorities having hitherto paid a small premium upon dead birds, as twopence a dozen, or something of the kind, which tended beneficially to the extermination of the destructive kinds; this year, economy being the order of the day, they either would not or could not, continue their accustomed gratuity; the effect of which policy has been severely felt, by a most enormous increase, in the well wooded

vale of Bucks, of feathered depredators, as daring as voracious. Facts, they say, are stubborn things.

Bees.

In the chimney of an inhabited room, a colony of wild bees has resided for many years, which, it will be observed, is all very well in the summer; but what becomes of these insects, or how do they manage to escape suffocation during winter, when a fire is frequently lighted in the stove of this chamber? It has been suggested that they lie dormant in the crevices of the chimney, or the wood and plaster-work of the wall in its vicinity during the inclement season; but this seems scarcely credible when it is considered that into such crannies as would suffice bees to creep, smoke and heat would also penetrate sufficient to destroy them. If they have the instinct to plaster up these with wax, would not the heat of a fire melt this mortar soon, and render it ineffectual to preserve them? If, on the other hand, their winter habitation is farther removed from the chimney than their summer quarters, how did the little creatures learn thus to avoid an imminent danger? Certain it is, be the question settled as it may, the colony during winter is too quiet to allow the stranger the remotest suspicion of the whereabouts of their abode, but no sooner do days become long, bright, and warm, than their murmuring music is heard in the chimney, which literally swarms with bees, and great numbers fall down in a dying state, or dead; perhaps, if weak and sickly, thus turned adrift by the strong.

That bees may be tamed so as not to hurt persons to whom they are accustomed, I have, by many instances, heard exemplified, but most remarkably in the following account:—A gentleman residing at Bury St. Edmund's, could do with impunity anything he liked with his bees; he knew every one of them; could distinguish each bee from its fellow, as a shepherd is said to individualize his sheep by the physiognomy of each; and, if he wanted to show a particular bee to a friend, he would have the hive to which it belonged turned out into a cloth, roll the insects about with his hands, like so many peas, and unharmed select from them the one required! This feat he has often been seen to perform.

Ants.

The following trait, elucidating the instinct and industry of ants, may be relied on:—In a large garden existed an immense colony of ants, whose principal nest, or town, (for it was subsequently discovered that they had, by regularly bored passages, roads, or streets, means of communication with the several dozen towns overspreading the garden,) was opposite the windows of the house; but

distant from them a few feet. One room to which these windows belonged, was used as a store-room, and contained a large deal press with folding doors, protecting deep drawers, (always kept locked,) in which were carefully stowed numerous pots of preserves. These, singular to relate, the ants discovered, and, in spite of brown paper and bladder, almost entirely demolished ere their depredations were suspected. In order to effect this feat, the destructive but industrious and ingenious insects had to ascend a flight of stone steps, work their way for many yards beneath the flooring of the room, then penetrate to, and ascend the bricks of the wall, pierce the plaster, &c. and enter the press and preserve drawers from behind, which subsequent attention to their movements proved that they did; and the lady of the house, who often amused herself by watching their proceedings, until they grew so troublesome and numerous as to oblige her to have them extirpated by turning up their towns and immersing them in scalding water, observed, generally, one strong column "of the negro race," proceeding to the spot where they gathered so rich a harvest, whilst another, in most regular order, was returning home.

(To be continued.)

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Manners and Customs.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

In the language of Shakspeare we may say—

My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no level'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

What a fertile imagination has the mind of man! It can call forth and ennoble the most insignificant thing, and even make it a mystery; and the gaping multitude, who see tall wax-candles two to the pound, or two pounds weight each, burning with and blushing to the meridian sun—shall wonder and adore! It is really astounding to our ideas, that wax-candles, as long as sergeants' pikes, should be held as necessary in the worship of God. That it is so held, and that by a large class of Christians, every one must allow, for they may have ocular demonstration of the singular fact. The show is, however, extremely imposing.

Philip Melancthon speaks of a Jesuit, who said that "he would not extinguish one taper, though it were to convert all the Huguenots" (Protestants).

In the *Formule* of Marculphus, edited by Jerome Bignon, he tells us, with respect to lights, that the use of them was of great antiquity in the church: that the primitive Christians made use of them in the assem-

blies, which they held before day, out of necessity; and that afterwards they were retained even in daylight, as tokens of joy, and in honour of the Deity.

This is the day of the purification of the Blessed Virgin, and falls on the second of February. By the most ancient accounts we have of ecclesiastical rites, it appears that this festival was celebrated in the Christian churches with an abundance of lights, in allusion, as was affirmed, to the prophetic words of Simeon, who, when the infant Jesus was brought into the Temple, publicly exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This feast of the church was originally, and not unappropriately, therefore, called Candlemas Day, as well as the Day of Purification. And thus the lighting of churches arose, and masses actually performed for the candles.

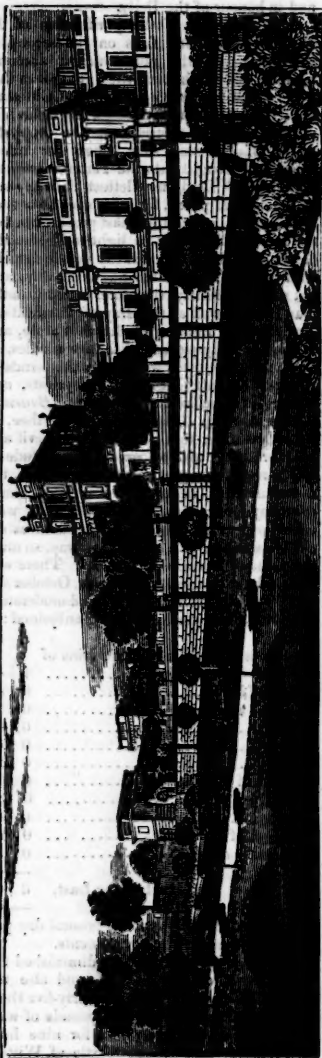
The Candle-mass wasted its thousands of wax-candles, all blessed by the priests, and adjoined in these most solemn terms, (*Bourne's Antiquities, by Brand*;) "I adjure thee, O waxen creature, that thou repel the devil and his sprights," and so on. As gratitude to saints required a great quantity of lights, the wax-chandlers became a very flourishing company, for, so early as 1478, they were considered as expiatory offerings; and as sin always went on in a flourishing way, so must the demand have been for wax. There was a feast held by these lads of wax, October 28, 1478, and for the temperance and moderation exhibited, it is worthy of being subjoined:

Two loins of mutton and two loins of veal	1 4
A loin of beef	0 4
A leg of mutton	0 2½
A pig	0 4
A capon	0 6
A coney	0 2
A dozen of pigeons	0 7
A hundred eggs	0 8½
A goose	0 6
A gallon of red wine	0 8
A kilderkin of ale	0 8
Total cost of the feast,	6 0

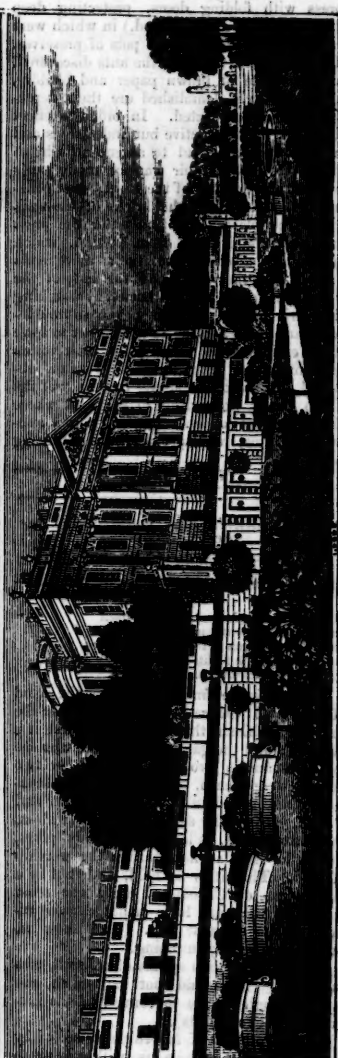
The wax-chandlers of the present day pay rather more at their entertainments.

Of course the Reformation diminished the consumption of wax-candles, and also the practice of keeping bees. Thirty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds of wax-lights were burned every year for nine hundred masses, said in the Castle of Wittenbergh!—It is said, that Frederic-William, king of Prussia, consumed so many wax-lights in his court, that the servants had the

CHATSWORTH HOUSE—(Left portion of West Front.)



CHATSWORTH HOUSE—(Right portion of West Front)



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opportunity of pilfering them to the annual amount of six thousand dollars. In 1779, fourteen thousand wax-candles were at once lighted at the celebration of a feast, in the Electoral Palace of Dresden, and, in one night, six hundred weight of wax was consumed. The consumption of this article among royal and noble personages, however, forms no part of our subject.

Lactantius says, speaking of the absurdities of the wax-lights in Romish churches, "They light up candles to God, as if he lived in the dark: and do they not deserve to pass for madmen, who offer lamps and candles to the author and giver of light?"

Among old customs, bonfires continued to burn among us, even in summer, notwithstanding the canons against them: but the ecclesiastics thought it as well to prevent their authority being compromised, by avowing that these festal flames were not without their use. The blaze, they said, scared away the dragons, which flew about at that season, and caused plague and pestilence, by poisoning the water and polluting the air.

During the confinement of King John, the provost of the merchants and sheriffs of Paris made a present to the church of Notre Dame, of a wax candle, (probably rolled up,) of the same length as the circumference of the walls of Paris. (*St. Foix*, vol. i.)

Corpse candles, in Wales, are often imagined to appear, foretelling mortality. Similar to which, among the Scotch, in certain places, the death of people is supposed to be foretold by the cries and shrieks of Beshi, the fairies' wife!

"That candles and lights burn dim and blue at the apparition of spirits, (says Sir Thomas Browne,) may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it oftentimes happens in mines, where damps and acid exhalations are able to extinguish them; and may be also verified when spirits do make themselves visible by bodies of such effluvia. But of lower consideration is the common foretelling of strangers, from the fungous parcels about the wicks of candles, which only signifieth a moist and pluvius air about them, hindering the avolation of the light, and favillous particles: whereupon, they are forced to settle upon the snail!" (*Browne's Vulgar Errors*.)

Du Bartas has very poetically called the sun, *Le Duc des Chandelles*.

SHROVETIDE.

THE following account of Shrove Tuesday, and the Pancake Bell, is given in the works of Taylor, the Water Poet, published in 1630:

"Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet: but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which, by the help of a knavish sexton,

is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called 'The Pancake Bell,' the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity; and then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical and magical enchantments; and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused, dismal hissing, like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Styx, or Phlegethon, until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, called a pancake, with ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily." W. G. C.

ON BREAD AND THE ORIGIN OF BAKING.

THE term bread is coeval with the Creation: though we have no certain information of the ingredients of which it was first composed. The earliest mention of it is immediately subsequent to the Fall, and connected with the denunciation pronounced in consequence of it—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."—Gen. iii. 19.

We have no information of the description of bread used in Abraham's time; but at the period of his entertaining the three angels, B.C. 1838, it is expressly said that the bread he desired to be made on that occasion should be composed of the finest meal kneaded (*see* Gen. xviii. 6): here the kind of bread is defined, viz., the finest meal; and the method of baking here alluded to is occasionally adopted to the present day in many parts of this country. Again, in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, we find Lot entertained two Angels; "and he made them a feast and did break unleavened bread."

From Joseph's dream, recorded in Genesis, xxxvii., we may infer that at that period wheat was the species of corn used for bread, as sheaves seem perfectly familiar.

The earliest mention we have in Scripture of the term *baker* occurs in Egypt, in the history of Joseph, Gen. xl.

The greater portion of bread used for the poor in the time of James the First was made of barley. In Iceland, dried cod fish, beaten to powder, made up in small cakes, is eaten for bread. The same description of bread is used among the Laplanders, and among the Crim Tartars, whose countries afford no corn. In Sweden, in times of great scarcity, we are told, that the bark of trees is ground, and made into bread.

The duty of *baker* in former times devolved upon the house-wife—people anciently always being accustomed to bake their own bread.

It is a matter of great uncertainty when baking became a trade, and bakers first introduced. It seems to be the general opinion

that they were first known in the East, and that they were supposed to have passed from Greece to Italy, after the war with Pyrrhus, about 270 years before Christ.

H. B. ANDREWS.

Spirit of Discovery.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

On Thursday the 16th ult. Mr. Pettigrew unrolled a mummy at the Royal College of Surgeons; and the process and illustrative lecture afforded untiring interest to an audience which filled the theatre.

"As we entered," says the report in the *Morning Herald*, "we found the case in which the mummy was contained lying on the lecturer's table, in the area below where he stands. It was a rich specimen of the hieroglyphic art, and was wonderfully fresh compared with the great length of its existence. Suspended in different parts of the same area were copies of some portions of the hieroglyphical passages, beautifully wrought, and intended to display those peculiar characters in a manner which could not well be effected with the case itself. This case, we found, had been already sawn through all round, and was just in a state to have the upper portion, like the lid of a coffin, removed. Another of the interesting group, which were arranged as accessories to the general design, was a mummy which had been long deprived of its cearments, and was seen suspended, like the others: its general aspect was that of a negro, the muscular apparatus and the general bulk of the whole body being preserved. It showed the incision on the flank, through which the intestines had been withdrawn.

"Mr. Pettigrew prefaced his manual operations by an elaborate lecture explanatory of the history of the art of embalming, of the times when it ceased, of the different methods of practising it, and the objects in which the practice originated. The antiquity of the art cannot be traced sufficiently high to estimate the exact period of its origin; but the existence of the process in the earliest times is supported by scriptural authority, although it does not appear that it was at all encouraged amongst the Jews. The belief of the Egyptians was that if the soul could be kept within the body for at least 3,000 years, then it would be entitled to enter the regions of endless felicity; but if it once left the body, then it would wander about, passing continually from one body to another, according to the belief in the doctrine of metempsychosis. The object then of the bandaging seems to be not so much the preserving of the body as the compression of the soul within, so that no aperture should be left by which it could escape; the entrails and brain

were, however, removed, on the ground that they were non-essentials, and were, therefore, burned, sometimes thrown into the waters, and sometimes kept, reduced to ashes, in urns. The Egyptians appear to have been the only nation in which the genuine art was practised, and they performed the operation of embalming in three different ways, which Herodotus has very amply described. In the most perfect specimens of their art, they draw the brain through the nostrils, partly with a piece of crooked iron, and partly by the infusion of drugs; they then, with an Ethiopian stone, make an incision in the side, through which they extract the intestines; these they cleanse thoroughly, washing them with palm wine, and afterwards covering them with pounded aromatics; they then fill the body with powder of pure myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, except frankincense. Having sewn up the body, it is covered with nitre for the space of 70 days, which time they may not exceed; at the end of this period it is washed, closely wrapped in bandages of cotton dipped in gum, which the Egyptians use as glue; it is then returned to the relations, who inclose the body in a case of wood made to resemble a human figure, and place it against the wall in the repository of their dead. The second, which is less expensive, is that they neither draw out the intestines, nor make any incision in the dead body, but inject an unguent made from cedar; after taking proper means to secure the injected oil within the body, it is covered with nitre for the time specified; on the last day they withdraw the liquor before introduced, which brings with it all the bowels and intestines; the nitre eats away the flesh, and the skin and bone remain. The body is returned in this state, and no further care taken concerning it. There is also a cheaper way of embalming, which is generally made use of by the poor. A particular kind of ablution is made to pass through the body, which is afterwards left in nitre for the above 70 days, and then returned. The wives of men of rank, and such females as have been distinguished for their beauty or wealth, are not immediately on their decease delivered to the embalmers, but are usually kept for three or four days. With respect to the first mode of performing the operation, the extracting of the brain seems to be a process of extreme delicacy and difficulty. Mr. Pettigrew displayed to the spectators the representations of two metallic instruments, long, thin, and terminating in hooks, which were introduced through the nose, and being passed through the base of the cranium by the grinding effect of their rotatory motion, penetrated into the brain. The original instruments are in a museum at Berlin.

"The embalmers are regarded by Mr. Pet-

grew as having stood in the rank of ecclesiastical functionaries, inferior in rank, and probably subservient, to the Egyptian priesthood. Sometimes the body, after being embalmed, was returned to the friends, but in the case of public individuals, they were placed in cemeteries destined for the purpose. These embalmers were hereditary in Egypt; that is, they derived the mysteries of their art from their immediate parents, and handed them down in the same way to their posterity. One part of the ceremony was very remarkable. The embalmer, in making the necessary incision in the flank, in order to take out the intestines, employed an Æthiopic stone as his cutting instrument, and, having made the incision in the best manner, and in exact accordance with the terms of the law, he immediately fled, otherwise he would have been greatly injured by the violence which all persons who saw him do the act were justified in using. It was a sacred law of the Egyptians that no man should injure his like, and they considered that by throwing stones, insulting and execrating the embalmer, they neutralized, in some respect, the guilt of his crime. Afterwards this embalmer suffered no further inconvenience, and was admitted to the common rights of Egyptians.

"The substances employed in the process of embalming were asphaltum, a species of bituminous pitch, with which the carcloths forming the bandages were strongly impregnated. Another was natron, (an impure subcarbonate of soda, found crystallized in Egypt,) besides preparations of aromatic ingredients.

"An indescribable sensation pervaded the audience when Mr. Pettigrew lifted off the upper portion of the case or coffin. This is composed, on its external and internal surface, of plaster, and the internal layer is of sycamore wood. The lower division, in which the body rested, was originally in two longitudinal divisions; they were also of sycamore and plaster, but were curiously laced, like a lady's stays, from the head part to the foot. On its under surface no attempt at ornament was observable; the plaster in detached spots had evidently given way, and resembled a ceiling from which one of the thin layers formed by the limewash had dropped. This upper portion being removed, the swathed body presented itself. It is curious that no other coffin or case was contained within the ornamented one, for in the several mummies examined in this country there were always more than one case, and in some instances there were as many as four. The first view on the exposure of the interior showed the upper surface of a complete envelope, in which the body was wrapped. When this cloth was removed, the body was seen to be completely bound up by an immense number of bandages. It was easy to see which were the feet and which the head. The feet were

closely in apposition, and the whole of the body was stretched at its utmost length, perfectly straight and stiff; and it fitted its receptacle exactly. The body was then lifted from the under part of the case, and between it and the bottom was a fold of the carcloth which formed the bandages, on which the body lay, as it were, more comfortably—a circumstance which confirms what has been in other ways demonstrated, namely, that the mummies are laid in a horizontal, not a vertical, position.

"The unrolling of the bandages was a work of much time. These bandages were from four to five inches in width; there was not a single seam in any of them; they were of various lengths, and sometimes the corner of one was tied in our common knot with a corner of another; the whole were clumsily rolled. Almost every species of rolling, technically described in surgery, was combined in this case of swathing; the circular bandage was seen, particularly on the lower limbs, and the spiral bandage on the upper ones; then in numerous places were seen the united roller, the retaining one, and even the creeper. Sometimes the roller was carried from the head down to the lower limbs longitudinally, and upon these were observed longitudinal layers of the carcloth, which were afterwards crossed and bound together by the circular rollers. In many instances the bandages had at their extremities long fringes, and once or twice a hieroglyphic, which had been placed on this cloth evidently with a view of identifying the body. Along the feet and below the abdomen, and also in other cavities, large folds, very awkwardly formed, were found as compressors. Sometimes it was found extremely difficult to lift the bandage, in consequence of its adhering to the body; and the bandage and all its layers presented the evidence of having been wet, and of the body being heated when the bandage was put on.

"The colour of this cloth is very remarkable. It is of a chestnut brown, and appeared to be of the texture of very coarse linen. From what is known of the preference for colours which obtained amongst the Egyptians, it has been concluded that this chestnut colour was not the object which they sought, but that it is merely the effect of the material which was chosen for its antiseptic qualities.

"The researches of modern chemists, and those of Dr. Granville in particular, have led to the belief that the colour spoken of is the result of a certain vegetable infusion, because the taste of the cloth, and the results which it yields on being treated with the substance called gelatine, have put beyond all doubt the fact that a great deal of that powerfully preserving principle, *tannin*, (which forms leather,) is incorporated with the cloth, by means

of the infusion. In fact, there is no denying that the surface of the body of the mummies bears a great affinity to a fully tanned piece of leather.

"If such be the way in which the cearcloth was dyed, and if such be its object, the fact exhibits an immense amount of knowledge of the vegetable world. For it has been shown that in all astringent and slightly bitter infusions the qualities of astringency and bitterness altogether depend on the tannin which they possess.

"The lower extremities of the body were bound together by cross bandages, but on removing those that were external, it was found that pads formed of cearcloth were placed inside, so as to prevent the thighs from coming into contact. At the upper part of one pad was found, wrapped up in cearcloth, an oblong piece of stone, which Mr. Pettigrew had no hesitation in saying, although its surface was considerably decomposed, was an idol placed there by the embalmers. The cearcloth on the head was particularly adherent; and when the part under the eyes came to be scraped, it was found that a hard sandy mass was concreted upon it. Mr. Pettigrew, having cleared all round the eyes, found, in the orbits, instead of the natural remains of those organs, imitations in enamel. They were convex in front, and the shaded part, with the iris form of the eye, was sought to be imitated by a black oval patch on the outer half of the surface.

"On the chest was seen an amulet, which Mr. Pettigrew suspected was suspended by a chain round the neck, and a little below it was the sacred beetle, the scarabæus, the emblem of the restoration of the union of the body and soul. The state of complete adhesion in which the last of the bandages remained, was of a nature to prohibit further attempts to expose any part of the surface of the body. No part, therefore, of the integuments, nor any part of the hair of the head, remained. The upper extremities, which were carefully bandaged, were drawn at full length, the palms of the hands opened on the fore part of the abdomen, and there firmly compressed by bandages.

"In this mummy there was not any papyrus found in either of the hands of the mummy; but Mr. Pettigrew read a prayer supposed to be addressed by the deceased before his death. This prayer apostrophized the sun, the sovereign Lord, and prayed that the gods who gave life to men, would receive his soul, and suffer it to dwell with the eternal gods; it declared that he had continued during his whole life in that worship of the gods which he had been taught by his parents; that he had killed no man, and never embzzled that which was entrusted to him; and that if he had been guilty during

his life of doing, or of eating or drinking anything unlawfully, that the guilt ought to fall not on the soul, but on the body now swathed in cearcloth. Neither could be seen on this mummy any of the gilding which is said to be profusely put on the body, and marks of which were seen on the mummy suspended naked in the theatre.*

During the lecture, Mr. Pettigrew exhibited a portrait on thin wood, which he had discovered in the previous week on the breast of a mummy in the British Museum. "This unique representation," says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, "was, no doubt, a likeness of the deceased, and the most ancient portrait in the world. The eyes are large and dark, the hair black, the countenance fine, the upper part Greek-looking rather than Coptic, and in the distribution of some of the lights there is an artist-feeling which renders this performance still more extraordinary."

Mr. Pettigrew explained the mythological characters painted on the cases, and predicted from such knowledge, that the mummy would turn out to be a male, which, observes the *Literary Gazette*, "is the more worthy of attention, as, from the absence of beard, and other appearances on the case, it was generally affirmed that the body was that of a female. The inscription (in the Phonetic character) ran round the case from the foot of the right side to that of the left. It stated the deceased to be Horsiesi, the son of Naphiniogori, an incense-bearing priest in the temple of Ammon at Thebes. This identity cannot, however, be considered as established; for Mr. Pettigrew admitted at starting, that the examination of mummies does not always repay the trouble of stripping them, the Arabs being accustomed to rifle them for the gold and jewels sometimes contained in their vestments. From this circumstance, it frequently happens, Mr. Pettigrew observed, that mummies are found in cases which, from the inscription, it is evident they did not originally occupy.

The mummy appears to have been thirteen years in the museum of the College of Surgeons, and was purchased by the council from the collection of the late Mr. Salt, the Egyptian traveller.

CHINESE PAPER.

THE thanks of the Society of Arts have been voted to John Reeves, Esq., late of Canton, now of Clapham, for the following notes,

* Abridged from the Morning Herald.

† Champollion, who studied and illustrated the science of hieroglyphics to his own distraction, discovered that the Egyptians had a kind of hieroglyphic writing, which was merely phonetic, that is, was composed of a series of signs not having reference to the objects represented, but merely to the sounds of the words expressed.

extracted from Chinese authorities, on the Manufacture of Paper in that country. The same gentleman has also presented to the Society a very valuable series of Specimens of Chinese Paper, of various fabrics:—

On the Making of Chinese Paper, translated from the 23rd volume of the Pun Tsaou Kang Muh.

In ancient times, bamboos were connected together, and letters burnt on them, to form books; and hence the several characters employed to denote papers and documents are formed partly with the character for "bamboo."

In the time of the Tsin and the Han dynasties, letters were written upon silk cloth; and hence the characters for silk and cloth are component parts of the character used for paper.

In the time of the Emperor Ho Te (A.D. 100), Tsac Lun began to take the bark of trees, old silk of different kinds, fishing-nets, and hemp, and boil them to rags, and make paper of them, which was used throughout the whole of the empire.

Another authority says, the people of Shuh, on the western side of China, use hemp or linen to make paper; the people of the east, in Fokeen, use tender bamboos; the people of the north, the bark of the mulberry; others use the rattan; some, mosses or lichens; some, the straw of wheat or other grains; some, the cocoon of the silk-worm; and others, the bark of the choo-tree (syn. of *kuk*), the *Brousonettia*.

Sha Che, or Crape Paper.

This paper is brought from among the mountains of Nanking, in the province of Kwang Se.

In spring, during the first and second moons, they take the bark of a tree called kuh-muh (*Brousonettia papyrifera*), and having pounded it, throw it into a stone reservoir of pure water, where they leave it to steep till it is fit for use. They then take it out with the sediment, and pouring it into cow-skin glue boiled with water, stir all together. Taking up this mixture with a mould of bamboo screen of the size required, they put it out into the sun to dry, and it becomes crape-paper.

The Chinese paper called touch-paper (or paper fuel), is made at the village called Peih Keang, a few miles from Canton, of the variety of bamboo called *lang*.

At the beginning of summer, during the fourth and fifth moons, the young sprouts of the bamboo are cut off just as the leaves are beginning to grow; and, having been beaten flat, are thrown into a lime-pit to steep for about a month. They are then taken out, washed clean, and dried in the sun; after which they are pounded small, passed through

a sieve, and laid up. The kernel of the longan fruit (*Dimocarpus longan*) is also used, being pounded small, dried in the sun, and passed like flower through a sieve. When making the paper, this powder is put into clean water, stirred about, then taken up with a mould made of bamboo screen, and the water left to run off. It is afterwards applied to a heated wall to dry, and the paper is then complete.

For coarser or finer paper, a coarser or finer mould is used. The person who made the drawings says, the bamboo is cut into lengths of about three feet, tied up into bundles of seventeen each, and put into running water, where it stays six months. It is then put (in the same bundles) into pits made in the ground, mixed with quick-lime made from the shells of the *Venus sinensis*, pressed down with weights, and left for six months longer. The bundles will have been thus soaked for twelve months; they are then taken out, cut into short lengths, put into one of the usual Chinese pounding-mills, and beaten down into a pulp—being stirred occasionally, so as to present a new surface: about four hours' labour will break it down.

Pits, twelve covids deep and ten long, contain two thousand bundles of seventeen pieces each, weighing about twenty-four catty, or thirty-two pounds. Cisterns are about eight covids long, in two partitions; two and six broad, and two paulfuls of water are used to one of the pulp.

King Yuca Paper.

During the fourth moon, at the close of spring and commencement of summer, the bamboo shoots are cut off at the length of three or four covids (14-625 inches), and the size of six or seven inches, and then thrown into a lime-pit to steep for about a month. They are then taken up, washed clean, and bleached every day, till they are of the purest white; after which they are dried in the sun, pounded small, and passed through a very fine sieve, and the finest and whitest part of the powder taken for use. With this is used also the best white cotton of Loo Chow, ten times bowed (or bolted), and the very light cotton which is uppermost taken for use.

Rice-water, made from the whitest rice, being mixed with these two ingredients, the whole is taken up with a mould made of bamboo screen, of the size required, and then applied to a heated wall to dry. This forms the whitest and finest king yuca paper.

The above notes were accompanied by seven outline drawings, made in China, of the various processes of manufacturing paper from the bamboo; which drawings, by the liberality of Mr. Reeves, have been placed in the Society's library.

Trans. Society of Arts.

The Public Journals.

TRAVELLING ECCENTRICITIES.

[The *Quarterly Review* is becoming more and more eloquently communicative upon the *medius res* of this sublunary sphere. The Editor begins to think that social life and its minute comforts are not mere matter of moonshine, but rather sits in his critical chair as the *arbitrator elegantiarum*. One quarter he reviews the foibles of a household, from the lady's maid to the groom, and attributes their failings to the vices of their mistresses and masters. In another number, enter Dr. Southey with the lucubrations of some lacrymose footman, with brains as mixed as his parsley shoulder-knot. The Turf and the Road, and their "swell" grooms and coachmen, and the ups and downs of Doncaster, Newmarket, and Melton supply the next literary quarter's revenue. Then the titled and wealthy absentee tourists are passed *in review*; and these and scores of subjects of much less importance are mingled with such grave matters as the Poor Laws, Liturgical Reforms and West Indian Slavery, and the dolorous Life of Crabbe. Such is the admixture in the number (C.) before us, wherein also German Watering Places follows a review of Guizot's edition of Gibbon, introduced by way of preparing the public for another edition of the Decline and Fall, which may already be purchased in eight superb library volumes for less than a guinea and a-half. Nothing can be more sparkling and pleasant than this said watering places paper, which contains the quintessence of a privately printed English volume on the Editor's table. The writer is a garrulous "old man," and the object of his tour "the Brunnens" (or mineral waters) of Nassau. We can only quote a few of the reviewer's extracts, which show the privately-printed book to be richer in entertaining knowledge than scores of volumes published, and very superior to many tourists' journals, whose only publisher should be the trunkmaker.

The Reviewer thus introduces our first quotation:—]

The duchy of Nassau, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides noble forests of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are good crops of corn of every sort, and potatoes which would not be despised in England. Several of the wines (for instance those on the estates of Hockheim and Metternich) are the finest on the Rhine—while there are fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c. &c., in the greatest abundance. Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal,

which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition to all this—from its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun. For instance, should our reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems. If he wishes to instil iron into his system, and to brace up his muscles, let him go to Langenschwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad—the serpent's bath; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, "body and bones" to Wiesbaden, where they say, by being parboiled in the *koch-brunnen* (boiling spring) all his troubles will evaporate. To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of votaries from all parts of Germany, and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people also come from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to these remote countries. Yet although Spa and some other German watering places have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the multitudes of English who have thronged thither, the number of our countrymen resorting to the mineral springs of Nassau bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe; but somehow or other our wandering *John Bulls* are like locusts,—either they are found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there. We believe we may assert, that not twenty English families have taken up their abode at Langenschwalbach or Schlangenbad, in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England.

The "Bubbles" say:—"The duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander-in-chief of the province, and people here are everlastingly talking of *the* duke, as in England they talk of *the* sun, *the* moon, or any other bauble of which there exists only one in creation. He is certainly the sovereign lord of this lofty country, and travelling along we have observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is no doubt perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant. He is also very strict about his game—our worsted-tasselled horn-blowing cicerone has informed us, that the branches of straw which we observed mysteriously tied

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to bushes in the woods, are sentinels which forbid any person to enter them."

What follows is particularly lively—and true:—"In approaching Langenschwalbach, being of course anxious as early as possible to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull gaudy fellow who drove me; but whenever I inquired for Langenschwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him—but no! not a human habitation could I discover. However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogations of its dumb owner, began to show a sort of magnetic dip, until at last it pointed almost perpendicularly into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath us; but though we could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, not a vestige of a town was to be seen. However, the whip was quite right, for in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, we perceived, like poplar-trees, a couple of church steeples—then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and in a very few seconds I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain. The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person, and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect for the contents of my wallet, which on descending from the carriage, I had placed for a moment in his hands, that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine golden chain; yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house, which did not at all suit me, and, therefore, at once mercifully annihilating his hopes by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and for a considerable time very great difficulty did I experience. With hands clasped behind me, in vain did I slowly stroll about looking out for anything at all like a paper or a board in a window, and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not."

Our author succeeds at last in securing for himself a den; and the next morning, full of breakfast and curiosity, he sallies forth to see the lions:—

"My first duty, however, was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village of Langenschwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y (or throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside), of a long-handled two-pronged fork. The village is

fifteen hundred paces in length, that is to say, the prongs are each about five hundred yards, and the handle of the fork is about one thousand yards.

"The buildings themselves are constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes, and colours: some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them:—of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets—others look at you with their gables; some overhang the passenger as if they intended to crush him; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or, like maidens, they feared him; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips; many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced; while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.

"The *stahl brunnen* (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the *wein brunnen*, (wine spring,) and about six hundred yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable *brunnen* of Paoline. Between these three points, brunnen, or wells, backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again"—people are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonishing. Among the number, there may be here and there a Coelebs in search of a wife, and a very few pairs of much smaller feet may be occasionally seen, "impari passu," pursuing nothing but their mammas; but, generally speaking, the whole troop are chasing one and the same game; they are all searching for the same treasure; in short, the object is health."

The author proceeds to sketch the usual doings of a day in this pleasant watering-place; and, as this department of German life is really new to most English people, we shall quote freely. One great article in its healthfulness is, we have no doubt the earliness of the hours kept by everybody. No one thinks of being in bed much beyond five o'clock. At that time—"Every house was open—the streets already swept—the inhabitants all up—the living world appeared broad awake—and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air, which, as yet unenfeebled by the sun, was in that pure state in which it had all night long been slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health; and though there were no larks at Schwalbach gently "to carol in the morn," yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in our path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and happier, than I have words to express; they had evidently been gorging themselves during

the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

"On reaching the brunnen, the first thing I received there was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy old woman, who, seeing me approaching, had selected from her table a glass as large and globular as ever shone in a *Teniers*. 'Guten morgen,' she muttered, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile; and then stooping down she dashed the vessel into the brunnen beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape) presented her *eau médicinale*. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as Champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this iron water, it was about as much as one could do to swallow it; and even then for a few seconds feeling as if it had sliced the stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen,—when, instead of the teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded."

Under the influence of this cordial, which seems to have acted upon him like fuel to a steam-coach, our author and his friend appear to have been in the custom of forthwith ascending one or other of the zigzag paths which are cut in various directions through the woods overhanging the valley of the *brunnens*, but which are so steep that they seldom find favour with the German water-bibbers. After breathing the mountain air for an hour, it was time to descend for glass the second—and another hour's walk prepared them, in like fashion, for beaker the third. By this time all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langenschwalbach were, from a gazebo hut high above them, seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Irish Titles.—There are at present three titles known in Ireland that have been transmitted from time immemorial, and whose origin is lost in the lapse of ages. They are known as the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glin, and the White Knight, which last is centered in the Earl of Kingston, who claims the priority in point of antiquity. The other two are in the family of the Fitzgeralds, and vary little in the mottoes they assume from that of the Duke of Leinster, which, in the old Milesian phrase of *crom a boo*, is supposed to be an ancient war cry; that of the Knight of Glin is *shaneet a boo*,

and the others differ in minute particulars. The translation given to the Duke's is *I burn*, and is accounted for in a curious manner. It is said that one of the early progenitors of the family kept in his house at Carton, in Kildare, a monkey of extraordinary docility; and the house one day catching fire, the monkey is said to have rescued a child in its arms from the impending danger, and carried it to a place of safety; the motto of *crom a boo* was afterwards adopted, and continues with monkeys as supporters to the armorial bearings up to the present day.—W. G. C.

City Churches.—Mr. Jones, in the court of Common Council, has stated that the population of the City has within the last hundred years been decreasing until it does not amount to one half. The present number of inhabitants does not exceed 53,000, and for them are sixty-six churches.

Intemperance.—Some cunning enemy to Temperance Societies has started the following paragraph on the newspaper circuit. Mr. Combe mentions a porter who, when drunk, left a parcel at the wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not remember what he had done with it until the next time he got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house, and went and recovered the parcel.

A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.—*Voltaire*.

White Hare.—A few days ago a hare, perfectly white, was coured and killed near Boukridge, by a dog belonging to a gentleman of Wolverhampton.—*Herald*.

A Travelling Suite.—A rosy, fresh-coloured French maid, a chocolate-coloured chariot, and a brown, ill-looking Italian courier.

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"This work continues to maintain its reputation for originality and interest with a success which, considering the immense number of cheap periodicals with which both town and country are inundated, is truly extraordinary. The high reputation and long standing of the *Mirror* have unquestionably stood in good stead against the publication of so many rivals; but it is due at the same time to the Editor and Publisher to observe, that they have spared neither labour nor expense in endeavouring to deserve success. The present volume, which rivals its predecessors in neatness, as in originality and interest, bears ample proof of both; and to those who are not in the habit of receiving it weekly, will furnish a mine of amusement during these winter evenings, which may be said to be as varied as it will be found delightful. A Portrait of Captain Ross, and a good likeness it is of him, forms one of its numerous embellishments; and a brief history of his expedition one of a series of its most interesting articles."

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